

The Lyceum Banner.

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No. 24.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

WHO STOLE THE CHESTNUTS?

BY GERTIE GRANT.

NOW, I declare, if there is n't John Opedike threatening to whip his cousin, Joe," said Father Faithful, as he came suddenly upon the two boys, under an old chestnut tree.

"I don't care," John said; "what business has Joe stealing my chestnuts?"

"But the squirrels are taking in their winter store from this same tree; why not whip them for

stealing?" "But you know, Father Faithful, that the squirrels know no better, and then I can't catch them to whip."

"How came your father by this land?" the old man asked.

"Bought it, I 'spose," John replied.

"I 'spose he stole it," said Father Faithful.

"You 'spose my father stole it? Why, Father Faithful, how dare you call my father a thief?"

"How did you dare call your cousin a thief, and throw off your cap to thresh him?"

"Now," John said, "did not Joe steal the chestnuts? Answer me that question, Father Faithful."

Poor Joe stood a little way off, listening to the conversation; but, feeling a little guilty, he did not say a single word in self-defence.

The old man leaned upon his staff, but at first made John no answer. At last he said: "Do you know, boys, why these many years I have been called Father Faithful?"

"I expect I know," John replied. "I heard mother say that Elder Williams gave you the name for being faithful in rebuking people who did wrong; but if that is so, why don't

you say Joe stole my chestnuts when I left it to you to decide?"

"I have, perhaps, merited the title faithful, for I hardly ever shrink from duty; but I sometimes fear that my condemnation of sinners is not tempered with mercy."

"Oh, I see, Father, you now want to find an excuse for that thief," pointing to Joe; "come, say, did Joe steal the chestnuts? Do not dodge the question."

"Let me tell you a story, boys. Come this way, Joe; I want you to hear it."

Joe and John both came a little nearer the good old man, Joe expecting to hear himself pronounced

guilty of the theft, and John expecting the same thing.

Father Faithful began. Now, boys, listen to my story ; hear me to the end, and then tell me, if you can, who stole the chestnuts.

Many years ago I lived over on the old Bean Farm. Richard Opedike owned the next farm ; so we were neighbors. Farmer Opedike and his wife had two children ; one was a smart boy ; his name was Enoch. He is now your father, John. The other was as sweet a girl as one will find between Dan and Beersheba. Her name is Mary Ann. She is the mother of Joe. When Mary Ann was nineteen, and Enoch twenty-five, their father died, leaving them and his widow this large farm. When the property was divided, this portion where these old chestnuts stand fell to Mary Ann.

Soon after her father's death she married Burton Carter. He was an honest youth, but shockingly lacking in energy. He did not get along well in money matters. But, unfortunately, Enoch Opedike was always ready to lend him money, and instead of teaching him tact and economy, encouraged him in idleness and fast living. After a few years Carter owed Enoch four hundred dollars, with no means to pay the sum. So he gave him security in his wife's land. This very spot where we now stand was mortgaged to Mr. Opedike. Mary Ann was discouraged when she found out how things stood. She knew well enough that Enoch would never pay the debt, and that her brother lacked honesty. She did not exactly tell me that he would steal these chestnut trees ; but what she did say amounted to as much.

Well, Joe, your father went to the war ; it was the only way he saw of redeeming his wife's farm. The first month of hard service killed him. He was sent home to be buried. Mrs. Carter found herself poor and broken down in health, with three small children to provide for. Opedike saw her condition, and took advantage of it. He knew that the railroad was coming through town ; knew the station would be near this farm ; knew it would increase the value of the land four fold. Mrs. Carter knew nothing of this ; but she knew that Winter was at the door, and that some way must be devised to live through it. In this time of need she sent for her brother to ask his aid. He was just then very short of money ; he had been helping build a new church, and taken considerable stock in the new railroad ; but he proposed to purchase this land which was already in his hands. He would give her six hundred dollars for it. Mr. Opedike made his sister think that the farm was

not worth even that small sum. She sold the land without consulting any one ; sold it before any one had an opportunity of advising her in regard to the matter. In six months half of this same land that the poor widow Carter sold for six hundred dollars was sold for four thousand dollars. Mr. Opedike knew the value of the land, and Mrs. Carter did not. Mrs. Carter's money has gone ; so has her faith in her brother.

"Now, John, who stole the chestnuts?"

"My father stole them, and I wish he was not my father," John replied. Going up to Joe he gave him his hand, and said : "I am real sorry for what I have said, Joe ; will you forgive me?"

Joe gave him his hand and said : "Yes, John, I will pardon you ; but I did wrong in not asking Uncle Enoch for the chestnuts. I knew how he treated mother ; but that was no good reason why I should do wrong."

"You did right," John said ; "you shall have all the chestnuts, and I'll help pick them. If I live to be a man I will get back some of the money my father got for this land, and give it to you and Aunt Mary Ann."

"Now, boys," Father Faithful said, "I am standing at the gate of eternity. In a few days you will see me no more. Remember these words. Be honest in all your dealings ; never take advantage of one's needs ; never let a day go by without doing a good act ; be merciful to the unfortunate ; speak kindly to those who need kind words. Then if you, like me, chance to be poor in this world's goods, you will have treasures laid up in the kingdom of the good. In the hereafter you will be rich indeed.

"I DESS YOU FORDOT ME."—A certain minister had promised a little boy of his that he should accompany him to church on the following Sabbath. The little fellow, although not quite four years old, was still old enough to remember the promise. But when church time came it happened that he was fast asleep, and his parents went away leaving him in bed. Sometime after, he awoke, and calling to mind the promise given him, he hurried down stairs only to find his father and mother gone. Determined not to be frustrated in this manner, he made his way into the street, and crossing to where the church stood, he entered the open door. The minister at that moment was commencing his sermon. Fixing his eyes upon his father, the little fellow twaddled up the aisle, in his night clothes, until directly opposite the pulpit, when he halted, and looking up at him, called out, "I dess you fordot me!"

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

THE CHILDREN AT HOME.

BY F. M. LEBELLE.

Chap. 2—At the Tea Table.

"I'll take a cup of tea, if you please, Mother;" and Henry set aside his glass of water to make room for the tea.

"Tea is one of the common things of every-day use; now, while you are drinking it, tell me all you know of it and its properties."

"It grows in China," said Henry, a little embarrassed, hardly knowing what to say next, that being the extent of his knowledge of the herb; "and I know, too, that Mrs. Gray has to have a cup to help her through with washing."

"It grows in Japan, too," added Nelly, "and Henry has to have a cup to help him through supper."

"Does it grow on trees, or is it planted like peas and beans?" You should not indulge in the luxury until you are able to tell something more about it."

"I never heard any one say, and my school books don't tell; so how should I know? Tell us, Mother, and I am sure we shall never forget."

"It grows on a shrub from three to five feet in height; it is an evergreen, and has long, bright, green leaves and a white blossom. In its natural state it grows wild, but the demand for it increases so rapidly that it is cultivated to a great extent by the natives, and forms an important article of commerce. It might be cultivated successfully in the milder portions of the United States, but labor is so cheap in China and Japan that it would not be profitable to cultivate it here, where labor is so high. The tea seeds are gathered in autumn and kept in sand during the winter. They are then planted in gardens and transplanted into the tea fields. In two or three years the plant is large enough to afford a crop. The young buds are gathered early in April, from which we get the best black tea. New leaves again come out, and are gathered, and another kind of tea made of them. The latest gatherings in the summer are our poorest teas. This is the way, you see, that different kinds of teas are obtained. There are also different processes of drying the leaves, which give a different taste to the tea."

"But how do they prepare it for the market, Mother?"

"Boys take their baskets into the fields, strip off the leaves of the shrub, then sort and dry them. Some kinds are rubbed and rolled in the hands, but the choicest kinds are dried by being whirled in sieves. The pans which contain the tea are kept hot by fires. When warm enough, it is poured upon tables, and others roll it in their hands to give it a curly appearance. It is again heated and rolled until sufficiently cured."

"What makes the difference, then, between green and black tea?"

"Green tea is not exposed long to the air, but dried as quickly as possible, and thereby retains the natural properties of the tea. That is why green tea will make a person more wakeful than black, and that is why Mrs. Gray always wants green tea to help her through washing. It is more stimulating than black. Sometimes a coloring is

put in to give tea a green appearance. Ash and other leaves are often mixed with the real article."

"I should think we should get poisoned," said Nelly.

"Tea is not good for us. Water is the natural drink of man, and never injurious. The Chinese make an article called 'lie' tea of different kinds of leaves, and colored. It will not unroll when steeped. They also collect leaves after being steeped, dry and color them, and send to us to drink."

"Just think of it, Henry! You are drinking the juice of the cast off tea-grounds of the then!" said abstemious Nelly.

"I dare say, if you only knew it, you do worse things than that, Nell."

"This is also practiced among the Chinese of California. Those who have access to large quantities of tea grounds re-pack them in papers and sell them to their unsuspecting customers in the mines."

"But I should think the missionaries would teach them better things."

"The missionaries look out for their souls, and do not begin with a little thing like tea grounds, which is as much a part of religion as praying. I have given you this information about tea to show you how little we know of the most common things in daily use. Henry was displeased because his teacher would not allow him to study Latin, yet all he could tell of tea was that it grew in China."

Henry's face flushed as he asked, "Is there much to learn about coffee? And will you tell us all about it at breakfast time to-morrow? And will you tell us something every day that we don't understand? I don't want to be a dunce, like Jim Lane—he's a regular ignoramus."

"I will tell you about coffee, and about Jim Lane, too, poor boy. I have known his mother a long time."

THE NEW MOON.

Dear mother, how pretty
The moon looks to-night;
She was never so cunning before!
Her two little horns
Are so sharp and so bright,
I hope she'll not grow any more.

If I were up there,
With you and my friends,
I'd rock in it nicely, you see;
I'd sit in the middle
And hold by both ends—
Oh, what a bright cradle 't would be!

I would call to the stars
To keep out of my way,
Lest we should rock over their toes;
And there I would rock
Till the dawn of the day,
And see where the pretty moon goes.

And there we would stay,
In the beautiful skies,
And through the bright clouds we would roam;
We would see the sun set,
And see the sun rise,
And on the next rainbow come home.

—Banner of Progress.

LETTERS TO THE LYCEUM CONFERENCE.

FRIENDS IN PROGRESS:—Unable in body to join you, in spirit we are with you. Our hearts beat responsive to your own on all the great questions you have met to discuss, and more especially are we interested in the Children's Progressive Lyceum. We look on it as the most efficient means of advancing liberalism, and rearing a generation of free and noble men and women. The lessons of the Lyceum will never be forgotten. The Sunday School is the hot-bed of churchianity, and should no more be patronized by a spiritualist or liberalist than arsenic should be fed to children for food. This point need not be dwelt upon, as you all admit it, but we fear all do not comprehend the potency for evil of these sectarian schools.

You have need to compare notes and ideas. We shall all learn by doing so. Hence we shall depart from generalities and at the risk of appearing egotistical, state the workings of our own Lyceum. It is located in a small village, and its members are scattered over the surrounding country, in a circle with a five-mile radius.

We began last February with thirty-four members, and at once aroused the attention and hatred of the churches. They, unfortunately, controlled all the halls in the town, and we shortly had no place of meeting. A friend came to the rescue; purchased a building, and by demolishing the partitions dividing several offices made us a hall, into which we went while in the rough, and dwelt there through the plastering and papering, seeing its beauties grow, one by one, until it became the finest hall in the place.

Our numbers have rapidly increased to one hundred and sixty-seven members, and the number of spectators sometimes equals the number of members. Our plan of conducting the exercises differs somewhat from other Lyceums.

On opening the conductor gives a brief lecture on some topic connected with the Lyceum, or the conduct of life. This is followed by silver chain recitations and gymnastics; then the lesson of the day, which is followed by a lecture of fifteen minutes by the conductor, on some scientific subject, as the philosophy of the senses, giving a lecture to each; or the geological history of life, a quite lengthy series; or how an acorn became an oak, or an egg a fowl, with blackboard illustrations. The children are questioned each session on the lecture of the preceding Sunday, and manifest the greatest interest. After this we have the Dramatic department, in which all take the deepest interest and

pleasure. The improvement in this department in the past four months is remarkable. The leaders are, perhaps, more interested than the children, and emulate to recite best.

Two are appointed each Sunday to recite or read an essay at the next session, and they rarely fail.

This method cannot be urged too strenuously. If the leaders do not take a part, the children will be uncertain. If they do, the children will follow by imitation. The ultimate success of the Lyceum depends on the vigilance and exertion of the leaders, and unless they are interested there will be failure.

Each leader should feel that the vitality of his group rests with him, and the answers of his group tell how much he has labored.

In gymnastics it is impossible to introduce some of the lessons given in the Manual or as given in Bouquet. Any gesture that is awkward cannot be made popular.

We have one question proposed by the Lyceum, and give to each of the first four groups simpler questions, usually connected questions, the answers of which explain each other. Thus:

Fountain. Why do the leaves change their color in autumn?

Stream. Why do they fall off?

River. How do the trees live through the winter?

Lake. Why do the trees put forth their leaves in the spring?

Or a series of questions on their names, thus:

Where do fountains obtain their supply of water?

Where do streams obtain theirs?

What is a river? Whence does it rise, and whence flow?

What is a lake, and what becomes of its surplus water?

What is a sea, and why is its waters salt?

We have, as yet, no library, and we cannot say that we find one essential. The copies of the LYCEUM BANNER we distribute, take the place of other books, and by its fresh matter more than compensates. If we could have our choice from the best libraries of a copy for each member, or the LYCEUM BANNER, we should unhesitatingly take the latter. It should be enlarged and issued every week, and the Lyceums should consider it their first duty to take a copy for each child. To it should flow the wisdom of all, and then its powers and influence would become immeasurably great.

With every assurance of our heartfelt interest in the great cause for which you have assembled,

We subscribe ourselves, fraternally,

HUDSON AND EMMA TUTTLE.

ROCK ISLAND, ILL., June 22d, 1868.

To the Chairman of the Lyceum Conference, Chicago, Illinois :

SIR AND BROTHER :—As invited by "advertisement in the LYCEUM BANNER of June 15, 1868," we attempt a short account of the present condition and future prospects of our Lyceum. It was started in March, 1867, under somewhat unpropitious circumstances, arising from the smallness of the number of friends to support it, and the greatness of the pressure without to crush it if possible; still the faithful and invincible few have struggled on amid all opposition, and purchased all the necessary paraphernalia for its full work. This Lyceum has been gradually progressing, and to-day it numbers one hundred and seven children, with a very limited number of leaders. Our attendance averages from ninety to one hundred children. Of course the state of the weather has much to do with the regularity of attendance, as some of the children have a great distance to come.

The greatest difficulty under which we labor at present is the want of earnest, intelligent and devoted leaders, who feel the importance of their work, and faithfully discharge their duties. We are pleased to say that we have a few such, (all honor to them,) still the number is small. We should feel glad if we could devise any means by which some of the professed Spiritualists of this district could be induced to take hold of this noble enterprise.

We have a small library and some fifty dollars in the treasury for future purchases; but we feel, like most other Lyceums, a difficulty in selection, there being so few books published, adapted to the capacities of the children, and free from theological taint. We shall hail with pleasure the day when some of our numerous and intelligent friends will apply themselves to this work, for it is the great want of the age.

Hoping that your present Convention will give a new impetus to the Lyceum movement, under the direction and guardianship of the angel world, we remain yours fraternally in the cause.

Signed in behalf of the Lyceum.

HENRY JONES, Conductor.

— "Charlie, I was very much shocked to hear you singing, *Pop goes the Weasel*, in church."
"Well, mamma, I heard everybody else singing, and it was the only tune I knew."

— When were the first sweetmeats made?
When Noah preserved pairs in the ark.

Written For the Lyceum Banner.

THE CHILD TO THE BIRD.

BY MRS. EMMA SCARR LEDSHAM.

Dainty little song bird,
Sitting on the bough,
Think not I would harm thee.
Harm thee, blidie? No!
I have come to gather
All the pearly notes
Of thy dainty music,
As through air it floats.

Charming little song-bird,
Sitting on the tree,
Not one pretty feather
Shall be hurt by me.
I but come to listen
To thy thrilling song.
How the wild strains echo
Yonder hills among.

Darling little song-bird,
Sitting on the bough,
May the angels keep me
Innocent as now,
Till, like thee, my spirit
Spreads her wings to rise
To the home of Freedom
In the azure skies.

The Bird's Reply.

Child, I do not fear thee,
For thy heart is kind,
And no thought of evil
Lurks within thy mind.
Like a fragrant lily,
Opening to the light,
Art thou, Child of Nature,
Beautiful and bright.

Child, in peace together,
Thou and I will sing;
Far through yon blue ether
Shall our voices ring,
Till the music loving
Spirits gather near,
Bringing gifts celestial
From their happy sphere.

Gentle one, I pray thee
Keep thy soul alway
Glowing and transparent
Like this summer day.
Then, though clouds may gather,
Fear not, child, nor care;
They will leave no shadow
Darkly brooding there.

— Be temperate in diet. Our first parents ate themselves out of home.

— Somebody says that every cord of wood given to the poor is recorded above.

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THE CLOSING YEAR.

To the Readers of the Lyceum Banner.



HIS number closes the first volume of the LYCEUM BANNER. With writers and readers we have passed a pleasant year. Words of hope, of love—deeds that have added to our list of subscribers, have helped to lighten our burdens and brighten our way.

Our paper is small, for this reason: we have sought and succeeded in making it a precious gem. Nothing that a good mother would be unwilling that her child should learn and live has found place in our paper. For the sweet songs, rare music, stories, sketches—for sermons in bones and star-stories, we are under everlasting obligations to Miss E. B. Tallmadge, Mr. E. T. Blackmer, Mrs. J. A. Field, Hudson and Emma Tuttle, "Choctas," Mrs. Jane Frohock, "F. M. K.," George A. Shufeldt, Carrie Ella Barney, "Uncle Willmer," Mrs. Harvey Jones, Malcolm Duncan, Mrs. Ledsham, Dr. H. T. Child, Mrs. L. O. Turner, Lizzie Moore. We mention these names because every number of the LYCEUM BANNER has contained articles from two or more of these writers. That is not all; they and others have written with no wish or hope of reward, save the blessing good deeds always bring.

In remembering the many kind acts, we would seem ungrateful did we fail to acknowledge our obligations to those who have sent us subscribers.

Among these earnest workers we may name Mrs. Warner, Lyman C. Howe, Mrs. H. N. Hamilton, Moses Hull, E. V. Wilson, A. J. and Mary F. Davis, and several others. Mr. and Mrs. Wheelock have sent us over three hundred subscribers. The members of several Lyceums have, by words and works, aided vastly our enterprise. Their brave words have come to us like angel benedictions. Every member of the Chicago Lyceum has a copy of our paper, and

every one has contributed generously toward its life and prosperity. We have been made to feel that the paper belongs to some of the Lyceums as well as to us.

Our exchanges have given us the benefit of their good words, and in some cases, when it was peculiarly against their interest.

All these things have strengthened our faith in humanity, and given us the courage to continue the work undertaken.

By this pleasant picture the reader may think that we are sailing over smooth seas, under cloudless skies. Was the first year of any paper ever without darkness and storms? Has any publication, when merely an individual enterprise, been self-supporting? Several papers for the children of reformers have, in the past few years, been started and have failed for lack of support. With these facts for a data, Mrs. Kimball commenced the publication of the LYCEUM BANNER. The paper is small, but the expenses are more than the expenses of some large papers. We have, but few advertisements. The illustrations for the past year have exceeded \$200; the music, over \$150; the printing, folding, mailing, paper and office rent, over \$2,000.

Now, friends, readers, subscribers, do you ask if the LYCEUM BANNER is to live at this expensive rate? Let us ask you: *Shall* it live? Is it worth *your* support? Ought we, who ignore the teachings of most of the juvenile papers, to compel the young to resort to these papers? or will we sustain one among ourselves? Will you renew at once your subscription? Will you add another name to our list? Two hundred copies have been sent out by the good-will of those who love our work, but of this number Miss E. B. Tallmadge paid for seventy copies. Will those who have the means, and accept our mission, see to it that these two hundred readers are not deprived of the LYCEUM BANNER? In this asking we make no personal appeal. Our only interest in the paper is the love of the work—the only reward is the 'well-done of the children.' This is enough. So long as the proprietor sends out her beautiful BANNER, so long we shall give freely our best thoughts, as the blessed angels give unto us.

Some of the Lyceums are without our paper. It was principally for the benefit of Lyceums that the proprietor was induced to send out her paper. She had been a teacher of youth, and saw, as all may see, the need of songs, music, sketches, etc., that will amuse and instruct without embittering the young soul. She asks—she has a right to ask—all who entertain liberal views to give her paper

a place in their homes, schools, hearts. The Catholics—indeed, all claiming the name orthodox—see to it that papers for their youth are published and supported. Are our youth of less importance? Is it not needful that they be rightly instructed? If the ten thousand rich men and women who profess liberal principles, who ignore the popularisms of the day, would each send a single dollar toward the support of the LYCEUM BANNER, it would go on its way singing sweet songs, leading young feet in pleasant places, and help vastly toward establishing the kingdom of harmony in the hearts of the rising generation. Who will respond to our call? Who will say to the LYCEUM BANNER, in deeds: "Ye shall live?" H. F. M. B.

THE ECLIPSE.

Look out for the eclipse on the 18th inst.; it will be the grandest sun-visiting that we of this generation will ever see. The total eclipse of nearly seven minutes is of longer duration than has ever before been known.

European astronomers are making ready for observations, hoping, it may be, to catch a glimpse of the new-born planet. A scientific gentleman in England is going, on the occasion of the eclipse, to test the power of clairvoyance, hoping thereby to add to his stock of knowledge. May we not try a like experiment in this country?

PERSONAL.

L. Judd Pardee has passed on to the Morning Land.

J. M. Peebles is working and writing at Pleasantville, Pa.

Elvira Wheelock is at her home in Janesville, Wis.

F. L. Wadsworth is in Rush Medical College, Chicago, preparing for future usefulness.

THANKS.

We of the LYCEUM BANNER wish to give thanks to friends near and far for the many tokens of their kind remembrance that have come to us the past year. Especially do we bless the children for their generous heart-offerings. Among them we have very pleasant memories of three little sisters in Wheeler, Indiana; of the Powell children; the Dickinson brothers, and Estelle and Jennie of Sturgis, Mich.

We hope always to merit the good-will of these angels-to-be.

CROWDED-OUT.

Quite a number of long articles are waiting room. Will our friends remember the injunction of A. J. Davis—"Pack your thoughts!"

Questions and answers from Lyceums should be short, as we have so many. In truth we want short, spicy, spirited articles.

—Read Mrs. Dr. Burritt's card, and give her a call.

—Western Lyceums would do well to order equipments of W. H. Saxton, Geneva, Ohio.

—Sarah L. Hendrick, M. D., has opened rooms for the afflicted. We can testify to the efficacy of her treatment. See her advertisement in this paper.

—The red X will say, "Your time for the LYCEUM BANNER has expired. Please make haste with your dollar."

THE LYCEUM BANNER.

This little monthly for the children keeps on the even tenor of its way, doing much practical good by instilling into the youthful mind lessons of wisdom that will bear fruit in maturer years. We are pleased to learn that the BANNER, under the talented management of Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, is increasing in circulation rapidly. Some of our best thinkers contribute to its columns, both prose and poetry; besides, it contains fine engravings, got up expressly for its pages, both appropriate and pleasing. The price—\$1 per year—is extremely low, and we recommend parents to procure the LYCEUM BANNER for their little ones.—*Banner of Light*.

Thanks to the *Banner of Light* for the good words so often and so earnestly spoken in behalf of the LYCEUM BANNER. But will the *Banner* please remember that ours is a semi-monthly. This fact makes quite a difference with the children of all ages.

THE FIFTH NATIONAL CONVENTION.

The Fifth National Convention of the Spiritualists of the United States has been called by the Executive Committee to assemble in Corinthian Hall, in Rochester, N. Y., on Tuesday, the 25th of August next, at 10 o'clock a. m., the Convention to continue its sessions until Friday, the 28th, following. A great gathering is then and there expected. Let the Lyceums and the children be remembered.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

LIFE.

BY L. OLIVIA TURNER.

The years they come and the years they go,
The maiden thinks them all too slow,
The matron all too fast.
The maiden says, with flashing eye,
"I shall be happy, bye and bye ;
The matron sighs, " 'Tis past."

The months they come, and the months they go,
The young man hurries to and fro,
The father's step is weak.
The young man says, "Come, come, old man,
And help me carry out my plan ;"
But tears are on his cheek.

The weeks they come, and the weeks they go,
The maiden sighs, "I've learned to know
That all my hopes were vain.
The matron says, "You've learned too late ;
But, Christian-like, accept your fate,
And flowers will bloom again."

The days they come, and the days they go,
The young man says, "And is it so ?
Have I thus vainly striven ?"
The old man lifts his sunken eye,
And calmly whispers, "Bye and bye,
There's rest for thee in Heaven."

FRIENDLY VOICES.

ORANGE, N. J., July 29, 1868.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I send you \$2.00, to renew my subscription to the LYCEUM BANNER.

We frequently visit you in thought, praying for your good success in every thing worthy, and especially that the LYCEUM BANNER may be sustained.

Your friend,

A. J. DAVIS.

A friend, in a private note, writes :

"I never can write in a childish manner, though I love the language of children, that is, its simplicity and naturalness. But believing that they should be taught the language necessary to their improvement, I do not think it good policy to teach them anything they will be required to unlearn, or to lay aside, and then learn another—an older language. I have always, especially during my days of teaching, contended for the use of the very best language in talking to, or giving instruction, verbal or otherwise, to children. They can learn its meaning and use almost, if not quite, as easily as that style commonly used in addressing children. God bless your mission, and speed you in your noble efforts. Truly yours, J. F.

A little girl writes :

"I make haste to send you my dollar for the next volume of the LYCEUM BANNER, for I would not like to lose a single number. Papa thinks the paper is just as much for him as for me, so he reads all of Mr. Shufeldt's letters about the stars. Mamma teaches me to sing out of the paper. We all think the songs and verses real sweet. Good-by.

JANE MORRIS."

Mrs. Myers, in a private note from New Boston, says :

"Besides recitations and singing we have lessons by the teachers. They are sometimes in the form of stories. And then we have short lectures by different members on subjects the children can understand. Mr. McWhorter gave a good lecture on the air. It interested the children very much.

L. B. M."

A BRAVE DEED.

Some of our readers may remember a terrible accident that happened on the 4th of July in Oakland, Cal. The wharfs are built out some distance in the bay. As the ferry-boat from San Francisco, loaded with passengers, neared the wharf, the passengers crowded upon the "gang-plank," which broke, precipitating more than a hundred persons into the bay. Some were saved, others lost. "F. M. K.," one of the saved, writes that among the passengers was a young Italian. His name was Carlo Gaginonani. When he saw women sinking, with none to save them, he rushed into the water and succeeded in rescuing four from death. But this heroic spirit lost his own life in saving others.

A California paper says : "A general feeling of admiration exists among the public for the noble-hearted and brave Italian, Carlo Gaginonani, who, after having, by superhuman exertions, saved the lives of four human beings, lost his own. Such deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice should be handed down to posterity." This brave son of Italy leaves a wife and children to the tender mercy of strangers. The citizens of Oakland and San Francisco are raising money to aid in the support of these dependent ones. This is right.

K.

—"Papa, please buy me a muff when you go to Boston," said little, three-year-old Ruth. Her sister Minnie, hearing this, said : "You are too little to have a muff." "Am I too little to be cold?" rejoined the indignant little Ruth.



For the Lyceum Banner.

THE SISTERS.

BY PEARL HAPGOOD.

LAURA BELL was a laughing, romping, wide-awake girl, not a bit like our proper city girls, whose heads are so crowded with dressing and party-going that they are little, pale, old children when they should only be fresh and fair babies. Children brought up in large cities are no more to be blamed for being prim and pale than the caged canary is for not having strength of wing like the wild bird of the forest.

It is a fine thing to have the advantages of a country life, and so thought little Laura, though she had no more idea of a city than had her baby sister Cora.

Laura had many ingenious ways of amusing herself, ways that wiser heads might never think of. Every plant and tree in her father's yard she named for somebody she loved; the choicest plants and flowers were always named for those she loved best. She would spend hours talking with these trees and plants, as if they were her real friends—and so they were, for they told her loving and sweet stories. Old ledges for a mile around were

villages to her, and every huge rock standing alone was a dwelling, filled with persons her own imagination had created.

In these houses were kitchens, parlors and bed-rooms; and in the rooms were fire-places, cupboards and moss beds. One odd-looking rock, with stairs to the top, was the post-office, in which letters were deposited every day to imaginary correspondents. This office was just as real to Laura and her playmates as our large post-offices are to our business men.

Laura had a little friend, Roxa, about her own age, whom she loved very tenderly. They spent much time together, and thought it very hard to be separated. These little girls made friends with the birds, and tried which would see the most bird's eggs in a season. They watched the old bird from the time she brought her first bit of moss for the nest, until the eggs were all deposited there; but they never touched an egg, or hurt or frightened the birds, as many children do. The highest trees were climbed, and every nook in papa Bell's old barn was searched for a peep at the precious eggs.

One day when Laura and Roxa had a visit planned to the Meadow Brook, to see a strange bird's nest full of eggs, and to take a swim in the water, Mrs. Bell said: "Laura, I am going away to be gone all day, to see your Aunt Fanny, who is very ill; will you take care of baby Cora, amuse her as well as you can, and at seven o'clock put her in her little crib?"

Laura looked troubled a moment, for it was a great trial for her to give up the whole day's sport that she had been thinking about a week, and spend the day at home with her little sister; but what do my little readers think she did? Pout and cry over her disappointment? No, indeed. At first she felt very much like doing so, but after thinking a minute she said: "Yes, mamma, but let me first go and tell Roxa I cannot go with her to the brook to-day, then I'll run right back and stay with Cora till you come."

She went and told her story to Roxa, who did not bear the disappointment very good naturedly, then hurried back and listened to all her mother's instructions.

The day was long and lonely ; but when at last night came, both little girls were tired and sleepy, for they had been trotting round all day, hauling Dolly in her little wagon, and playing soldier with cousin Harry's old drum.

Laura prepared a bowl of bread and milk, set it in a chair near Cora, who had climbed to the sofa, then took a seat by her side, to feed and amuse her as best she could. "There, Cora, mamma shall know what a nice baby you have been, and Aunt Jane shan't tell any more of her queer stories about you. What if you did lose your little red shoe in the chicken pen, and step your foot through Harry's drum, and spill molasses on your clean white apron? You didn't get cross all day, and Aunt Jane can't say as much. I wish everybody about the house was half as good as you are." The little mouth opened wide, and the blue eyes closed, while Miss Laura was making this pretty speech. Baby Cora was washed and dressed in her pink night gown, kissed and stowed away in her crib by Laura, who felt proud of her charge, and happy because she had been useful and good.

HELPING CHILDREN TO LIE.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THAT lying is bound up in the hearts of children it would not become me to deny. But certainly it is often untied. Indeed, children, there are few who will not tell lies—the testimony of their children to the contrary notwithstanding.

But of two facts I am reasonably sure. First, that children's falsehoods are often as much the parents' fault as their own; and secondly, that children do not lie as much as grown-up people do, and seem to do so only from want of skill and long practice.

Lies are instruments of attack or of defense, and so may be classed as offensive or defensive. Children's lies are almost always *defensive*, and for the most part are employed in defending themselves against parents, nurses, elder brothers and sisters, and schoolmasters. Being weak and helpless, concealment is in their case, as in the animal kingdom, almost the only means of defense. Children's lies are in a multitude of instances mere attempts to hide themselves from sharp censure or sharper whipping.

Take a case from life. Master Harry is sent to mill one day in winter, but with strict instructions not to stop and skate. But the pond was so inviting, the boys there were so merry, they so persuasively coaxed him, that it was not in his social little heart to refuse. Of course he skates longer than he intended. On reaching home he is questioned: "Why have you been so long, Harry?"

"Oh—the grist was not ground, and I had to wait." "Did you go into the pond?" "No, sir, I didn't."

Here is a pretty tangle of lies! The old gentleman runs his hand into the bag and finds the meal stone cold. He rides over to the mill to inquire about matters, and finds that the grist had been ground *the day before*; he rides home and calls up the urchin, who knew that a grist now

was to be ground that would be hot enough. Here was disobedience first, then a lie, and next, upon cross-questioning, a secondary lie, explanatory and defensible of the first. Of course punishment was earned and deserved. But the boy did not lie because he liked to, or because he was indifferent to the truth. He was sobered by fear. He shrank from punishment, and tried to hide behind a lie. The refuge proved treacherous, as it ought to have done.

But, now, is there no lesson to parents in this thing? Shall they hastily place their children between such unequal motives as Conscience and Fear? The lower instinct in children is relatively stronger than moral sentiment. Conscience is weak and unpracticed, while Fear is powerful, and, at times, literally irresistible.

The fear of pain, the fear of shame, the fear of ridicule, drive children into falsehoods. Those who govern them might at least, remember how it was in their own cases, and so manage as to help conscience against fear, rather than by threats and sternness make the temptation irresistible.

Children are very delicate instruments. Their minds are undeveloped, ungoverned, and acutely sensitive. Men play upon them as if they were tough as drums, and, like drums, made for beating. They are to be helped more than blamed. One in sympathy with their little souls will lead them along safely amid temptations to falsehood, where a rude and impetuous nature will plunge them headlong into wrong.

The one element of real manhood, above all others, is truth. A child should not be left to learn how to be true, how to resist temptations, how to give judgment in right and virtue. Here is the very place where help is needed—patience, sympathy, counsel, encouragement. Instead of these the one motive, too often, is the whip.

LITTLE THINGS.

The preciousness of little things was never more beautifully expressed than in the following morceau by B. F. Taylor: "Little martin boxes of homes are generally the most happy and cosy; little villages are nearer to being atoms of a shattered paradise than anything we know of; and little fortunes bring the most content, and little hopes the least disappointments. Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly farthest, and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest, little hearts the fullest, and little farms best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs the most loved. And when Nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds, little dews, little flowers. Everybody calls that little that they love best on earth. We once heard a good sort of a man speak of his little wife, and we fancied that she must be a perfect little bijou of a wife. We saw her, and she weighed two hundred and ten pounds! we were surprised. But then it was no joke; the man meant it. He could put his wife in his heart, and have room for other things beside; and what was she but precious, and what was she but little? *Multum in parvo*—much in little—is the great beauty of all we love best, hope for most, and remember the longest."

THREE OLD SAWS.

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fires to warm it!
Let their comfort hide from view
Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiance gather;
You will soon forget to moan,
"Ah! the cheerless weather!"

If the world's a wilderness,
Go, build houses in it!
Will it help your loneliness
On the winds to din it?
Raise a hut, however slight;
Weeds and brambles smother;
And to roof and meal invite
Some forlorn brother.

If the world's a vale of tears,
Smile till rainbows span it.
Breathe the love that life endears,
Blow from clouds to fan it.
Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shiver;
Show them how dark Sorrow's stream
Blends with Hope's dark river.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

TONTONNEWAY.

BY ADDIE L. BALLOU.

DEAR CHILDREN:—Remembering my promise to tell you something of the old chief Tontonneway, I find my mind this pleasant afternoon recalling, with the other memories of the "long ago," the terror which shook my frame the first time I had the honor or pleasure of meeting the good and much loved chieftain.

We were scarce settled in our log-cabin, which nestled cosily under the towering heights of the old grey cliff. The crimson and yellow autumn flakes lay in sifting mazes along the meadows' edge and through the deep ravines.

Beautiful in its hushed repose lay Winnebago's shimmering blue lake, a silvery sheen of crystal. The blue haze of this "Indian summer" lingered dreamily along the crimson sumachs. Autumn was wooing the coming Winter, and had donned her fairest adornments to meet his approaching steps.

I was sitting by the window out-looking the great forest just as the twilight began to close around the golden day; the old hound's long silken ears drooped languidly, while half asleep their owner eyed me, listlessly waiting his accustomed crumbs or bone to supper him, when, with sudden start and growl, old Ponto bristled up, the picture of terror and disgust. I turned to mark the cause of his dismay.

Horrid! was the involuntary exclamation which passed my lips. The blackest, most savage and fierce visage my eyes ever looked upon was

gazing, with flattened nose against the window-pane, not one foot from my shoulder. This seems to be a favorite amusement of the Indian to secretly look into the window of the white man's wigwam unobserved.

As soon as the old chief saw me looking at him he came in at the door as stealthily and quietly as he had approached the window, and took his seat in silence. After smoking his pipe of killikenick he made known his errand. He had a very large and beautiful birch-bark canoe, which he wanted to store away for the winter under the white man's protection. The privilege being granted, an embassy of squaws the next day deposited their treasure near the house, protecting it with mats and straw, and after many promises to return for it in the spring, they took their departure through the great forest to Manitowoc, (place of the spirit.)

One cold winter night, a month or two after, Tontonneway again opened our door, this time attended by his daughter and her brave. They went out and inspected the canoe, then spread out their blankets, and sat down upon them before the fire. Shortly the good squaw took up her blanket, emptied a quart or two of flour into one of its corners, poured into the center of it a basin of water, stirring it so briskly and in just the right quantity that there was scarce a vestige of paste left on the blanket. Then spitting it between her hands, made it into a cake, spread out the hot ashes and buried it. This, thought I, is the primitive style of baking. In about half an hour the ashes were removed, and the cake, astonishingly light for an unleaven loaf, was distributed among the trio, who spiced their supper with the well-known "pemikin," which is nothing less rare than smoked and dried venison.

After the evening meal, a half doeskin of the softest and finest texture was brought out of some hidden depths beneath the feminine blanket, and a pair of beautiful moccasins was the work of a few moments, as presents to the "white squaw."

For lodgings our guests spread out their blankets on the floor, and rolled up in them. In the morning they washed the previous day's smut from their faces, only to repaint from the soot on the bottom of a cooking-kettle. This they said kept out the cold. Then again they took the trail to the red man's camp.

Twice did they visit the birch canoe that winter, and each time brought a beautiful doeskin as a reward for the safe keeping of the canoe.

At one time, a year later, the old chief came to his favorite camping ground, and found a white

man's "shanty" near, where two men were sheltered to test the soil, and had succeeded in raising potatoes, turnips, pumpkins, etc., which they had gathered into a wholesome pile at the outside, when, having occasion to be absent for a day, they found on their return the pile of turnips somewhat lessened, while on the inside of the "petite wigwam" hung a quarter of fat venison. The old chief had traded there before, and knew the palate of the white men loved wild game; but now he was sick, and needed something of the vegetable growth to relish with his meat, and had made his own bargain, giving more than an equivalent for all he had taken. There is much said about the dishonesty of the Indian, but in their uncivilized state I have never known a theft made by one unless he was intoxicated, and a sure guard against their visits is to lean any stick against the outer door. I have left my own house thus guarded for weeks at a time, with no other fastenings, and the Indians' tents not hidden from sight through the shadowy forest, and never a thing molested.

Well I must leave brave old Tontonnaway for this time, as this is too lengthy already, but if Mrs. Brown does not object I will tell you more about my Indian friends.

OBITUARY.

Born into spirit-life, June 19, 1868, from her earthly home in Omro, Wis., **LIBBIE CHARLES-WORTH**, aged fourteen years and nine months. Libbie was one of the sweetest flowers in the Children's Progressive Lyceum; beloved by all for the purity of her heart, the kindness of her disposition, and an unassuming womanly spirit far beyond her years.

The writer gave a funeral discourse in the Methodist church on this occasion, and the whole Lyceum, wearing their badges, encircled with a trimming of white crape, came in procession to pay the last tribute of respect to their beloved companion. At the grave twenty-four members of the Lyceum read a Silver-Chain recitation, and when the pall-bearers (six young ladies and six young gentlemen,) had each cast a beautiful bouquet of flowers into the grave, we turned away, feeling in our hearts that Libbie was not dead, but had only been promoted from the Lyceum below to the Lyceum above.

LEO MILLER.

— Beautiful was the reply of a venerable man to the question whether he was still upon the land of the living: "No, but I am almost there."

A Word to Lyceums and all Persons Interested in the Education of Children.

EDITOR LYCEUM BANNER:—To the first person or Lyceum sending you fifty dollars, for fifty yearly subscribers, I will give 25 additional copies, making 75 copies.

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" twenty " 10 "

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A. JAMES.

Pleasantville, Pa.

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RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 12 letters.

My 6, 5, 10 is an affirma-tion.

My 8, 7, 9, 3, 7, 8 is a lunatic.

My 4, 5, 1 is a place of repose.

My 12, 7, 8, 5 we all have.

My 8, 2, 9 some do in church.

My 4, 11, 6 and my 10, 2, 8 are in the masculine gender.

My whole is the title of one of England's best novels.

MALCOLM DUNCAN.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 7, 1, 9, 10 is a boy's name.

My 8, 12, 16, 5, 4 is a town in Vermont.

My 11, 15, 6 is a carpenter's tool.

My 5, 4, 17, 5 is a lake in Michigan.

My 18, 8, 2, 4 is used in making mortar.

My 19, 18, 12, 6 is what we have in winter.

My 14, 12, 16, 5 is a bird.

My whole is the name of a distinguished author.

J. F. HASTWELL.

FISH PUZZLE.

I am composed of 32 letters.

My 6, 2, 8, 9, 16 is from twenty to thirty feet long; head, eyes, mouth and throat very large. It is a fast swimmer and a terror to man.

My 6, 16, 8, 22, 27 is of an immense size. It has a broad, flat body, brown above and white below. It has sharp teeth. My 6, 5, 11, 2, 23, 26, 6, 32 is a small fish of a curious shape. It is often seen in museums in a dried state.

My 2, 17, 26, 9, 15, 12, 25 is found in the greatest abundance in the highest northern latitudes. It forms an important branch of fishery.

My 6, 2, 24, 18 is a superior fish. When salted and barreled, they command a high price. They are found in many rivers. Those of the Connecticut are particularly esteemed.

My 10, 19, 16, 21 has a flat head, small eyes and sharp teeth. They are very voracious.

My 31, 23, 18, 18, 21, 12, 7, 30, 26, 14 is kept in houses for the beauty of its color. They were originally brought from China. It is the gold fish by another name.

My 9, 23, 28, 7, 2 is a common fish, sometimes called the "water sheep." It is found in fresh water, is easily caught and tolerably good for food.

My 6, 32, 24, 2, 8, 1, 4 is sixteen inches in length, and its weight is about four pounds. It swims edgewise. It is known by a variety of names.

My 5, 27, 4 is a well-known fish bordering on the nature of the reptile tribe.

My two remaining letters are *r* and *v*.

Whoever guesses my name, and sends it to the LYCEUM BANNER, with another puzzle on birds, quadrupeds or insects, shall receive by mail one of Mrs. H. N. Green's Cottage Stories.

PEARL HAPGOOD.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN NO. 22.

Word Puzzle by Waldo F. Bates—Hudson Tuttle.

Enigma by D. M.—Mrs. Lou H. Kimball, Publisher.

Enigma by H. L.—Musical Director.

Answered by Malcolm Duncan, F. M. Lebel and Mettle Foster.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

THE BIRD'S SOLILOQUY.



NOW is n't it shameful! One of my eggs gone,—stolen just while I was out after my lunch of grubs! I wonder if that guilty-looking Professor Knowall didn't take it. When I met him he put on a bold face and said, "That's a very curious nest of yours?"

I'll call a convention of all the bird families right off. Mistress Robin told me only last week that she had lost her two last eggs, and should have but two young birdies when she had planned for four. Tewhit Pewee, under the long bridge, lost four eggs one night, and laid it to the water snakes, but I have no doubt the janitor at the college could tell where they went to. Chirpy Wood Pecker, though she picked her nest so deep into a knot hole of that old apple tree, and kept her husband to watch whenever she went away, has lost her first litter entirely! And now, poor thing, she has got to try it again. The Swallows, brave as they are, have met with similar losses, and had the nice mud walls of their cottages broken twice, which kept them busy repairing when they ought to be sitting.

Yes, we'll have a bird's rights' convention immediately. We are more powerful than these human desperadoes think for. Dinah and Sambo Crow shall bring their whole last year's brood to pull up the corn. The swallows shall pick up the chickens' grain. The robins shall steal the cherries; and none of us will destroy the insects that do so much harm in the gardens.

We'll teach Professor Knowall that we have something beside science to work for; and if he steals any more of our eggs, or takes away any more of those hanging birds' nests, we'll all emigrate to some warm country, where the natives don't worry themselves gray over "scientific pursuits," and where he will never hear our sweet songs again.

F. M. LEBELLE.

COMPLIMENTARY.—"Poor little fellow, aren't you cold?" said a young lady to a newsboy of whom she had just made a purchase. "Yes, ma'am, before you smiled," was the gallant response.

—What are the two smallest insects mentioned in the Scriptures? The widow's "mite" and the wicked "flee."

Progressive Lyceum Register.

Adrian, Mich.—Meets in City Hall every Sunday at 12 M. J. J. Loomis, Conductor; Martha Hunt, Guardian.

Battle Creek, Mich.—James Beamer, Conductor; Mrs. L. C. Snow, Guardian.

Boston, Mass.—Lyceum meets every Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock in Mercantile Hall, No. 16 Summer street. John W. McGuire, Conductor; Miss Mary A. Sanborn, Guardian.

Bradley, Maine.—James J. Varris, Conductor; Frances McMahon, Guardian.

Breedsville, Mich.—Mr. William Knowles, Conductor; Mrs. Wells Brown, Guardian.

Bangor, Maine.—Meets every Sunday afternoon at 8 o'clock in Pioneer Chapel. Adolphus G. Chapman, Conductor; Miss M. S. Curtiss, Guardian.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Meets every Sunday at 8 P. M., in the Cumberland Street Lecture Room, between Lafayette and De Kalb avenues. John A. Bartlett, Conductor; Mrs. Fannie Cohlil, Guardian.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Meets in Music Hall, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Chas. Holt, Conductor; Miss Sarah Brooks, Guardian.

Beloit, Wis.—Meets every Sunday in the Spiritualists' Free Church at 2 P. M. Mr. S. U. Hamilton, Conductor; Mrs. Sarah Dresser, Guardian.

Corry, Pa.—Meet in Good Templar Hall every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Chas. Holt, Conductor; Miss Helen Martin, Guardian.

Charlestown, Mass.—Lyceum No. 1 meets in Central Hall every Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock. Dr. A. H. Richardson, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Mayo, Guardian. G. W. Bragdon, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. Mary Murray, Asst. Guardian.

Clyde, Ohio.—Meets every Sunday in Willis Hall, at 10 A. M. A. B. French, Conductor; Mrs. E. Whipple, Guardian.

Chelsea, Mass.—Meets at Library Hall every Sunday at 10 A. M. James S. Dodge, Conductor; Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian.

Chicago, Ill.—Meets every Sunday at Crosby's Music Hall at 8 P. M. Dr. S. J. Avery, Conductor; Mrs. C. A. Dye, Guardian.

Dover and Flacroft, Me.—Meets every Sunday morning, at 10½ o'clock, at Merrick Hall, Dover. E. B. Averill, Conductor; Mrs. K. Thompson, Guardian.

Evanston, Wis.—Meets every Sunday at 1 o'clock P. M., at Harmony Hall. Dr. E. W. Beebe, Conductor; Mrs. Sarah Leonard, Guardian.

Fond du Lac, Wis.—Dr. Coleman, Conductor; Mrs. Hooker, Guardian.

Geneva, Ohio.—Meets at 10 o'clock, A. M. W. H. Saxton, Conductor, Mrs. W. H. Saxton, Guardian.

Hamburg, Conn.—John Sterling, Conductor; Mrs. A. B. Anderson, Guardian.

Hammonton.—Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M. J. O. Ransom, Conductor; Mrs. Julia E. Holt, Guardian.

Haverhill, Mass.—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. in Music Hall.

Jersey City, N. J.—Meets every Sunday afternoon in the Church of the Holy Spirit, 244 York street. Mr. Joseph Dixon, Conductor.

Johnson's Creek, N. Y.—Lyceum meets at 12 M. every Sunday. Miss Emma Joyce, Conductor; Mrs. H. O. Loperl, Guardian.

Lansing, Mich.—Meets every Sunday in Capitol Hall at 4 P. M. E. H. Bailey, Conductor; Mrs. S. D. Coryell, Guardian.

Lotus, Ind.—F. A. Coleman, Conductor; Mrs. Ann H. Gardner, Guardian.

Lowell, Mass.—Lyceum meets every Sunday in the forenoon, in the Lee Street Church.

Milan, Ohio.—Sessions 10½ A. M. Hudson Tuttle, Conductor; Emma Tuttle, Guardian.

Milwaukee, Wis.—Lyceum meets in Bowman Hall every Sunday at 2 P. M. J. M. Watson, Conductor; Mrs. Martha A. Wood, Guardian.

New Boston, Ill.—Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M., at Roberts Hall. R. S. Cramer, Conductor; Mrs. W. F. Myers, Guardian.

New York City.—Meets every Sunday at 9½ o'clock, A. M., in Masonic Hall, 114 East Thirtieth street. P. E. Farnsworth, Conductor; Mrs. H. W. Farnsworth, Guardian.

Mokena, Ill.—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 1 o'clock in the village school-house. W. Ducker, Conductor; Mrs. James Ducker, Guardian.

Oswego, N. Y.—J. L. Pool, Conductor; Mrs. Doolittle, Guardian.

Osborne's Prairie, Ind.—Meets every Sunday morning at Progressive Friends' meeting house. Rev. Simon Brown, Conductor; S. A. Crane, Guardian.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Lyceum No. 1. M. B. Dyott, Conductor; Arabella Ballenger, Guardian.

Lyceum No. 2.—Meetings held every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, at Thompson Street Church, below Front street. Isaac Rehn, Conductor; Mrs. Stretch, Guardian.

Plymouth, Mass.—Meets every Sunday forenoon at 11 o'clock. I. Carver, Conductor; Mrs. R. W. Bartlett, Guardian.

Portland, Me.—Wm. E. Smith, Conductor; Mrs. H. R. A. Humphrey, Guardian.

Providence, R. I.—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. in Pratt's Hall, Weybosset street.

Putnam, Conn.—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. in Central Hall.

Richland Center, Wis.—Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M. H. A. Eastland, Conductor; Mrs. Fidelity O. Pease, Guardian.

Richmond, Ind.—Lyceum organized Nov. 4, 1865. Eli Brown, Conductor; Mrs. Emily Addleman, Guardian.

Rochester, N. Y.—Lyceum meets regularly in Black's Musical Institute, (Palmer's Hall,) Sunday afternoons at 2:30 P. M. Mrs. Jonathan Watson, Conductor; Mrs. Amy Post, Guardian.

Rockford, Ill.—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. in Wood's Hall. E. C. Dunn, Conductor; Mrs. Rockwood, Guardian.

Rock Island, Ill.—Organized March 1, 1867. Meets every Sunday at 10 o'clock in Norris Hall, Illinois street. Henry Jones, Conductor; Mrs. Wilson, Guardian.

Springfield, Ill.—Meet every Sunday at 10 A. M. B. A. Richards, Conductor; Mrs. E. G. Plank, Guardian.

Stoneham, Mass.—meets every Sunday at Harmony Hall, at 10½ o'clock A. M. E. T. Whitier, Conductor; Mrs. A. M. Kilmington, Guardian.

Springfield, Mass.—Organized Nov. 18, 1866. Jas. G. Albe, Conductor; Mrs. F. O. Coburn, Guardian.

St. Johns, Mich.—Organized July 1, 1866. Meets at Clinton Hall every Sunday at 11 A. M. E. K. Bailey, Conductor; Mrs. A. E. N. Rich, Guardian.

St. Louis, Mo.—Organized December, 1865. Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. at Mercantile Hall. Myron Colony, Conductor; Miss Sarah E. Cook, Guardian.

Sturgis, Mich.—Organized May 24, 1868. Meets every Sunday at 12:30 P. M. in the Free Church. John B. Jacobs, Conductor; Mrs. Nellie Smith, Guardian.

Sycamore, Ill.—Lyceum organized July, 1867. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M. in Wilkins' new Hall. Harvey A. Jones, Conductor; Mrs. Horatio James, Guardian.

Toledo, O.—Lyceum organized July 28, 1867. Meets every Sunday morning at Old Masonic Hall, at 10 o'clock. A. A. Wheelock, Conductor; Mrs. A. A. Wheelock, Guardian.

Troy, N. Y.—Organized May 6, 1866. Meets in Harmony Hall every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. S. J. Finney, Conductor.

Vineland N. J.—D. B. Griffith, Conductor; Mrs. Partia Gage, Guardian.

Westville, Ind.—Meets every Sunday at 11 o'clock. Henry Oathart, Conductor; Esther N. Talmadge, Guardian.

Willimantic, Conn.—Remus Robinson, Conductor; Mrs. S. M. Purinton, Guardian.

Washington, D. C.—Meets at Harmonial Hall, Pennsylvania Avenue, Sunday, at 12½ o'clock. G. B. Davis, Conductor; Anna Denton Cridge, Guardian.

Worcester, Mass.—Organized March 1, 1865. Meets in Horticultural Hall every Sunday at 11:30 A. M. Mr. E. B. Fuller, Conductor; Mrs. M. A. Stearns, Guardian.